

Damien Jurado, Letters And Drawings

Goodbye angel
Hands in your pockets
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe you'll come back sometime
She boards a Greyhound
With a ticket to Jersey
A gray colored backpack
Full of all her belongings

A kiss from the window
Tells me she loves me
And how she's sending
Letters and drawings
But the letters never came

So I waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring

Goodbye angel
Hands in your pockets
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe you'll call me sometime
Small towns to cities
She one day calls me
Tells me that she's married
I took it badly

Moments of silence
Sounds of her laughing
"When are you sending
Letters and drawings?"

But the letters never came
So I waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring

Goodbye angel
Hear you're successful
Maybe tomorrow
Maybe you'll come back sometime
Hands in your pockets
Here's where you left me
Only with memories
When we were just 16

But the letters never came
So I waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring
Waited by the phone
To hear it ring